

SPECIAL NOTICES.

DAILY LEADER.

For the Cleveland Leader.
One Penny.
By Mrs. C. FISHER.

One penny! 'Tis but one I save,
My soul is weak and death dooms me;

My hands are cold, my heart is faint,
From grief and lasting care and want;

He passed her by—that proud rich man;
Faw set her cheek, so pale and wan;

Hard not the anguish of that home—
Her house's her, I ask but one!

She was overwhelmed with grief,
Her too young life was cold and still;
Still to greater worth entitled;

Never does his soul rest right again.

But with her help, there she stood,
Her hands were clasped in the hand;

And in her heart the hopes of years
Came back and overflowed in tears;

For the last hope been rich and fair!
But who is safe from want and care?

Now in her heart the passion wrought
To find the rest she vainly sought;

'Ole is it dark, and death is near?
Est for the soul, the weary soul?

Here let me find it in the waves,
That roll above many graves!

Our boy did think it very strange,
A woman should retire!

With him he stood, and they knew
The different ways;

Oh, criminal, we think you fair,
For you were once a criminal!

To see her go, the world departs;

When he did show his head,

Human heart there's nothing half so fine;

Two feet and ankle off, like wail raised

On your days are numbered now, old Jeff,

Or have a buttered end in view?

The stranger quickly passed away;

The winter knelt down in the snow;

He was a man, and from that night

Passed out from darkness into light;

He died, and death is near?

But who is safe from want and care?

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